

UTAH STATE NEWS

David A. Johnson has been appointed postmaster at Moab, Grand county.

Madge Hamilton, a denizen of Salt Lake's half-world, suicided Saturday, taking morphine.

The thirty-sixth annual conference of the Methodist missions was held in Salt Lake City last week.

Harold Jones, aged 10, of Salt Lake City, is dead from lockjaw, caused by a small splinter in his foot.

Grasshoppers are doing considerable damage to the second alfalfa crop in the fields near North Ogden.

Work on the waterworks system for Monroe is progressing rapidly, the last carload of piping arriving last week.

The United States Ozokerite company has purchased 1,015,000 feet of lumber on the Uintah reserve in the vicinity of Colton.

The public schools of Salt Lake City will begin a week later than the usual time this year, the date set being September 17.

It is expected that 1500 delegates will be present at the annual meeting of the National Wool Growers, which will be held in Salt Lake City in January.

Wholesale dry goods men say that fall deliveries will be heavier in spite of the fact that prices nearly all round are higher than at this season last year.

The fall campaign in Utah will be formally opened this week, when the state committees will meet and issue calls for their respective state conventions.

Abe Jones and Royal Hanson, Provo lads about 11 years of age, were severely scalded through the explosion of a can of boiling water with which they were experimenting.

Because the Garfield smelter required 5,000,000 more brick in the construction of the plant than was at first calculated upon, there is a serious brick famine in Salt Lake.

The threatened trouble between the employees and the officials of the Utah Independent Telephone company at Ogden is likely to be averted and the demands of the men granted.

While returning from a visit with neighbors, George Wahlen, about 35 years of age, dropped dead Sunday at noon just as he was entering the gate to his own residence at Ogden.

The Kaysville Canning company has been making a successful run on beans and fruits during the last two months, and last week the first carload shipment was made to a Boise, Ida., firm.

The sixth annual meeting of the Utah State Pharmaceutical association was held at the Hermitage in Ogden canyon last week, pharmacists being in attendance from all parts of the state.

While painting a smokestack at the Inland Crystal Salt company's works near Saltair beach, John White, a painter, fell a distance of twenty-five feet, sustaining injuries which may prove fatal.

Councilman A. H. Moyes and Robert Paine presented their resignations to the Ogden city council at the regular meeting last week. The resignations were accepted and the men were re-elected.

The committee appointed by the Miners' union has succeeded in raising sufficient funds to guarantee a big celebration at Park City on Labor day. Addresses will be made and all kinds of sports pulled off.

While mixing a combination of liquids and powders for the manufacture of fireworks, K. Sanaw, a Japanese restaurant keeper of Salt Lake, was badly injured and the room wrecked, the chemicals exploding.

Joseph Barker of Huntsville, who owns one of the biggest private fish hatcheries in the mountain country, received last week 400,000 trout fry from the Amethyst fish hatchery in Colorado, to be planted at his hatchery.

Burglars entered the West Jordan meeting house Wednesday night of last week and stole three quilts made by the Ladies' Relief society. The quilts are of ornamental design, with a picture of the temple worked into the goods.

Information has been filed in the district court at Provo against George Ferre, charging assault with a deadly weapon with intent to murder. Ferre is the man who stabbed young Wright with a pocket knife on the evening of July 24.

Robert Hogan, aged 18, a dairy wagon driver, who lived at Bountiful, was drowned in the swimming pool at Beck's Hot Springs while in company with his two younger brothers. Hogan could not swim and got into deep water.

With the gravel taken from the new Sand Ridge cut-off, the Union Pacific is grading for a double track between Ogden and Uintah, six miles east of Ogden. It is figured that with this piece of double track the local yards will be greatly relieved.

LOVED BY A MADMAN

By GEORGE WEIGH

Narrative of John Caleps.

On the 9th day of September, in the year 1900, I was a passenger on one of the famous Canadian ocean liners. Had I foreseen, however, the strange happenings during the voyage, I should have postponed my trip.

I always like a berth to myself, but as the steamer had more than the usual complement of passengers, I had to share one with another person. The exigencies of the situation gave me the companionship of Mr. Gorman Grating.

I was just getting into my berth—and for various reasons I chose the top one—when, to my surprise, I saw my companion take a coil of rope from his pocket, which he placed on a seat.

"I want you, Mr. Caleps, to do me a favor—to take this rope and firmly secure me to the berth with it, so that by no possibility whatever I can escape."

"Don't be surprised at my request," he continued. "The truth is, I am a somnambulist, and I don't want to walk into the sea."

His words having reassured me, I fastened him as securely as possible. I continued this every evening, always releasing him in the morning.

One morning he complained of indisposition, and asked me to send the doctor to him.

I could not find the doctor, but happening to meet the stewardess, I requested her to do so.

"What did you say his name was?" she asked, looking at me with astonished eyes. "And does he occupy your berth?"

Having gratified her curiosity, she continued, in a low voice:

"You must not repeat what I tell you, but if I were you I'd change my berth."

As I could not conceive any practical reason for her advice, I did not see the necessity of acting on it. At all events, that night I tied the ropes more firmly than ever.

I am one of those fortunate individuals who always sleep soundly, but on this night a jumble of unpleasant dreams now and again startled my slumbers. Suddenly my dreams grew so insufferable as to completely overpower sleep. I awoke. All was still.

The light of the porthole seemed to glare luridly, and my glance reaching the berth where I had fastened my companion, found it empty. He had broken loose from his meshes. Just then my ears were assailed by distant muffled sounds of "Murder! murder! Help! help!" proceeding from the deck above me.

In an instant I ascended the gangway stairs. I rushed to the deck. The night was dark and silent. In the gloom I proceeded to where the voice had issued, and to my horror I saw my companion dragging the stewardess by main force along the deck, striving evidently to cast her into the sea. I caught hold of the arm of the wretch and strove to wrest it from the clasp of the woman, but I did not succeed. I attempted again and with all the resolute force possible. At that moment I saw a flash of light. I felt a maddening blow, and then I must have grown insensible to everything.

On recovering consciousness, I found myself in my berth, attended by the doctor and the stewardess.

I soon recovered from my injuries, which were slight, and afterward, naturally, I asked her to give me some particulars of the mysterious occurrence.

"Read what will explain what seems inexplicable," she replied, handing me the following MS.

Narrative of Millicent Harworth, Stewardess.

I am the youngest of six sisters—all favored by nature with good looks, and in consequence, all encouraged by our parents to bid advantageously in the market for respectable rich husbands. Three of my sisters mated themselves to unexceptionable types of golden propriety; two of them wedded worthy but necessitous young men.

Somewhat or other, I did not follow the excellent example of my elder sisters. I had never hankered after a monotonous life of responsibility. I did not think that the crown of womanhood consisted in being a nurse of squalling infancy or a slave to manly brutality. My views of life were cast in another mold. If I possessed the kindly, gentle attributes of womanhood, my ambition was to strive and follow the steps of those women who live to cure suffering, to banish pain; to tend, to alleviate, to soothe. I therefore resolved to become a nurse.

After a few years I became one of the principal nurses in a hospital. I need not detail here the numberless cases I nursed, but I must mention the particular one which concerns this narrative.

He had met with an accident, and his injuries necessitated careful nursing. He was not a restless, complaining sufferer. He gave little trouble, and his sturdy constitution soon conquered his injuries.

As he grew convalescent, however, to my amazement the reticence of a suffering patient suddenly turned into the speech of a passionate lover.

At last I realized that I had been nursing a sensual, homicidal maniac, and a sickening fear chilled me. I at once gave up the case. His discharge from the hospital eased my mind. Still, I constantly was haunted by the thought that some day I was destined again to meet this man who would wreak vengeance on me and murder me.

Time went on, and luckily I never saw or heard of the man who had terrified me with his passion. Then confinement and perhaps a too close attention to my duties affected my health. My lungs became weak, and my doctor recommended a long sea voyage to cure them. I gave up my position reluctantly, but as I abhorred an idle life, and as tending my fellow creatures was my life's purpose, I eventually secured the position of stewardess on an ocean liner.

On the morning of the first day of the passage, to my amazing horror, I saw and recognized the hateful object of my fears. Then I happened to hear that he was your companion, and I warned you.

By what subtle intelligence the wretch knew that I was on deck on that fateful night is a mystery, but when he abruptly surprised me with insulting and degrading attentions, my sense of injury overcame my common sense. I was alone and with an irresponsible person, yet I flew into a wild rage at him; then his vile hands encircled my waist and his hot breath burned my cheeks as again and again he strove to fasten his loathsome lips against my own. I was helpless in his arms as he dragged me onward, onward on the deck. I felt I was doomed, that presently the wild, cruel waves would engulf me, and I made a frantic effort to cry "Help!" and "Murder!" and you came on the scene, and after my assailant had felled you with a blow my screams awakened assistance and the brute was quickly overpowered and secured.

I have now completed my narrative with all necessary detail.

MILICENT HARWORTH.

When I had read it and returned it on the following morning a sudden stir and hubbub on deck proclaimed that something unusual had occurred on board, and on inquiry I ascertained that the would be murderer had cut the ropes that bound him and had plunged into the sea.

Under the circumstances, the news

example of this marriage failure. Their strife and bickering often nearly led to blows, and I have been told that just before I was born, in a mad dispute about a trifle, my father made a lunge with a knife at my mother, and that it was only by the merest accident that he had not killed her. Is it any wonder then that I inherited their viciousness; that on occasions I could not permit anyone to contradict me, to thwart me, to interfere with me, to rebuke me?

One day I was in a motor car which overturned. I was nearly killed. I was taken to a hospital where I was kindly treated and tended, and it was here that I met the one whose love might have driven the devil out of me. I had never known before what the spell of a woman's beauty and sweetness meant. It is impossible for me to dilate upon my passionate love for her.

The thought arouses a surge of emotion to madden me. I tried—oh, how I tried!—to awaken her pity, to inspire her devotion. She would not listen to me or give me the slightest encouragement; in fact, I could win neither her confidence nor her favor, and I only aroused her repulsion. Then my madness came again. Her repulsion stirred my hate and I felt it would be a joy to strangle her. But when my saner moments came, I abhorred myself for my thought, and common sense urged me to forget her, so I tried to banish her memory. Soon I lost sight of her.

One morning, at my club, I read glowing accounts about Canada—its resources, its climate, its scenery, its life, and I resolved to go there.

After I had taken my berth on this steamer, to my surprise I recognized the stewardess. It seemed a caprice of fate. Her face again stirred the old feelings, but my common sense was in the ascendant. I did not want to talk to one who spurned and hated me, and I sought relief in study and books to ward off that dread of being with her. However, I noticed that every night when not engaged in her duties she used to sit on the deck, and though I could control myself when awake, I had always a dread that my passion might incite me when asleep to seek her. I was afraid of myself, and thus I asked you to bind me to the berth with ropes. You kindly did so, and Millicent Harworth was safe. One day I noticed that she spoke to you, and it was only by a supreme effort of will that I refrained from accosting her, but the desire to do so must have so affected my mad brain that I must in my sleep have



"He strove to fasten his loathsome lips against my own."

did not surprise me, but when a document addressed to me and signed by the suicide was given me, I must say that the curious fatality of events seemed astounding. I now give its contents.

Narrative of a Homicidal Madman.

I am a madman. I own it. At certain times my senses are not under the control of my mind. Wickedness usurps reason. In my mad moments I am an abnormal being. In my sane moments I know what an insane monster I am; but when you read on you will pity me instead of hating me.

I am the victim of heredity. There are married couples in this world of sin and sorrow who ought to have died before linking themselves into matrimonial bonds—husbands and wives who repel and hate one another; unsympathetic, callous beings, who don't possess any of the attributes to knit them in loving bonds of matrimony.

My parents, unfortunately, were an

cut the ropes in the frantic desire to be near her. I rushed up the stairs—she was seated as usual on deck. The fresh air awoke me, but I could not retreat. Madness overpowered me, guided my steps, incited my action, urged me to pronounce wild, passionate words. I clasped her waist. I strove to snatch her kisses. She repelled me. She maddened me. I resolved to destroy her life. My wicked desires gave me unnatural strength. I held her in my arms in spite of her wild cries for help, and I tried to cast her overboard. Then you appeared and I vented my anger and vengeance on you. I struck you. You fell, but I was soon overpowered by those who came to her rescue. They bound me tightly, but I had the very knife secreted with which I had cut your ropes, and after writing these words I shall seek eternal peace. I must not any longer blight the world with my madness. I am unfit to live. The cold mass of waters shall embrace me, stifle me in oblivion. Good-by.

NEWS SUMMARY

There has been an outbreak of bubonic plague at Campos, Rio de Janeiro.

A serious potato blight has appeared in the heart of Ireland and threatens the failure of the crop.

A. B. Lamason, a wealthy banker, cashier of the Bank of Ankeny, Iowa, was struck by lightning and killed.

James Beatty was fatally injured in a collision between two street cars at Granite City, Ills. Thirteen other persons were more or less seriously hurt.

Joseph Castleman, living in Weakley county, Tennessee, shot and killed his divorced wife and then killed himself. He was 60 years old and she was 50.

The Rhine & Moselle Insurance company of Germany has decided that it will not pay its \$2,000,000 of liabilities arising from the San Francisco conflagration.

Revolutionists armed with revolvers killed Chief of Police Mironovitch and seriously wounded Captain Het-roff, the chief of the Rural Guards, at Votslavsk.

Prince Mohammed Ibrahim of Egypt was most seriously injured in an automobile accident at a level crossing at Bernay, Normandy. His chauffeur was killed.

Between thirty and fifty Mexican laborers and bystanders were killed at Chihuahua, Mexico, by the explosion of a carload of dynamite on a Mexican Central train.

James Pierre, an Englishman, was fined \$25 in police court at Bayonne, N. J., for hissing the American flag during the performance at a theatre. Pierre's action almost caused a riot.

In a dispatch from Warsaw the correspondent of the Tribune says that the house of one British and one American resident of Lodz were looted by cossacks after the bomb outrage of Wednesday.

The United Teamsters of America, the newly launched rival of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, completed its organization at Chicago by electing Newton W. Evans, Bloomington, Ill., as president.

The murder of Dr. Graham of Hold-er, I. T., who was shot and killed about a month ago by Ben Steward, was avenged last week, when unknown parties shot the latter from ambush, killing him instantly.

Eight armed men attacked the treasurer of the Black Sea company at mid-day on the principal street of Nicolae-veff. They killed the treasurer as well as a policeman, who was accompanying him and made off with \$14,000.

John Waters of Doniphan, Neb., a delegate to the Populist state convention at Lincoln, while suffering from heat left his hotel and wandered to the Burlington railroad yards and was struck by a switch engine and killed.

State Senator F. O. Butt of Perryville, Ark., has been convicted by a jury in the circuit court on a charge of offering a bribe to another state senator. He was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$200.

John Donahue, a wealthy farmer, was shot and killed at his home near Coyville, Kan., by his wife, whom he had attacked with a butcher knife. Donahue was 70 years old and had lived near Coyville more than a quarter of a century.

A boy threw a bomb into a procession at Moscow, returning from a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Holy Virgin at Rokitno, wounding two of the processionists. The explosion attracted a patrol of infantry, who fired and wounded thirty persons.

The Forest City, a small passenger steamer plying between Muskogee, I. T., and Fort Gibson, on the Grand river, sank near the latter place. There were forty passengers on board, but all escaped safely, being removed from the craft in small boats.

Wrapping a sheet around him so that its folds made a perfect shroud, J. W. Brown, an East Des Moines, Iowa, commission merchant, lay on the floor of his bath room, and, inserting a gas tube into his mouth, inhaled a sufficient quantity to cause death.

Four boys, all under 9 years of age, were struck and killed by a train while walking across the railroad bridge over Broad street, in Elizabeth, N. J. The bodies of two of them fell into the crowded street amidst a number of women shoppers, several of whom fainted.

As a result of a row between twenty drunken Mexicans engaged at Prospect Heights, Canon City, Colo., Marshal Berggantz was clubbed and Marshal Pillmon was seriously stabbed. During the fight three Mexicans were seriously injured and one American slightly.

With one bullet through his heart and another through his temple, entering at one side of the head and coming out at the other, Charles Williams, a negro of Hattiesburg, Miss., has survived for three days, and the prospects are that he eventually will recover.

Three Canadian Indian chiefs, in their picturesque dress, were received by King Edward at Buckingham palace last week. The Indians came to plead for the restoration of their hunting rights and certain native customs which have been curtailed by the Dominion government.

NORTHWEST NOTES

Frank A. Roberis has been appointed postmaster at Thayne, Uinta county, Wyoming.

The city hall, city jail and five of the principal business houses of Farmington, Wash., were destroyed by fire last week.

Before 8,000 to 10,000 spectators, Brigadier General Funston on Sunday reviewed the troops of his command in Camp Tacoma.

John Gorst, one of the pioneers of Port Orchard, Wash., accidentally shot and killed himself while hunting bear near that town.

Little Pitt, one of the three escapes from the Nevada state prison, was captured at McKinney's, Nevada, by Indian Dick Bender and Indian Jim.

Fire destroyed the saw mill and all the other buildings at Parkersburg, Ore., on the Coquille river, except the residence of Manager Kronenburg and one other.

Fire, which is believed to have been started by a careless tramp, destroyed about \$20,000 worth of property at Waterville, Wash. M. D. Bergeson was severely hurt.

Joseph T. Carroll of Butte, one of the most prominent men of the state, was found guilty in the United States district court at Helena of illegally maintaining fences on the public domain.

The annual session of the grand lodge, Knights of Pythias, of Wyoming, was held in Laramie last week. T. H. Butler of Hanna was selected as grand chancellor for the ensuing year.

A man whose name is supposed to have been D. A. Smith of Seattle attempted to board a moving car as it was leaving a pleasure resort at Portland, and was thrown under the trucks and killed.

Congressman Joe M. Dixon of Missoula, who has represented Montana in the lower house for two terms, has announced that he is a candidate for United States senator to succeed Senator W. A. Clark.

The Republican state committee of Montana has called the state convention to meet at Helena, September 15. The only nominations to be made are for congressman and associate justice of the supreme court.

Archie A. Cook, president of the Travelers' Protective association of Oregon and Washington, a well-known commercial traveler, died at St. Vincent's hospital, Portland, of appendicitis. His age was 36 years.

The sensational report of jobbery in connection with the turning over of the water rights to a private company on the Shoshone reservation by the state of Wyoming are positively denied by the state authorities.

The police believe they have a clue in the case of Charles Smith, found murdered in his cabin at Tonopah, Nevada, and have a man and woman under arrest, but conceal their identity and connection with the crime.

W. E. Stark, an engineer in the employ of the Short Line, was drowned in the Box canyon of the Snake, below Huntington, Oregon. He was working in a dangerous place and slipped from the rocks upon which he was perched.

An open switch at Barratt's Sliding, near Dillon, Mont., resulted in a passenger train crashing into the rear end of a freight train, Conductor Ewalt of the freight train being killed and the engineer, fireman and one passenger of the passenger train injured.

The bureau of animal industry of the department of agriculture, having refused to disregard government certificates issued to sheep brought to Wyoming and treat them according to the Wyoming laws, the state board of sheep commissioners will employ a force of inspectors and quarantine and treat all imported sheep.

It is considered probable that a state tournament will be held at Laramie, Wyo., during the coming county fair by the different gun clubs of the state, under the auspices of the Laramie Rod and Gun club, with clubs representing Cheyenne, Rawlins, Hanna, Douglas, Evanston, Rock Springs and perhaps Ogden.

Ownership of almost one hundredth part of the state of Oregon changed hands last week, when the old Oregon Central military road grant was transferred to a syndicate composed of eastern and California capitalists.

Thomas G. McEwen, who lost his right leg in a railroad accident in Laramie a few years ago, was kicked by a horse last week and his remaining leg broken. He lay in the open for twelve hours before being discovered by passers-by.

The largest wool clip ever grown in America was shipped from Billings, Montana, to Boston and was the property of C. M. Blair. It weighed 1,500,000 pounds and required forty-four cars to carry it. Twenty-four cents a pound was refused for it.

The fling for lands in the Shoshone reservation began on the 15th at Shoshone in the special land office at that place. One hundred and twenty-five people will file each day, the ones whose names were first drawn in the lottery at Lander filing first.